

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Two Sons of a Cabinet Member Learning a Trade

WASHINGTON.—"Joe and Jim? Oh, they're good fellows. Both of them work 'on the floor,' and work hard, too. They seem to like it. They'll get better jobs soon, if they stay around here." This from a veteran out at the Washington Steel and Ordnance company, at Glenboro Point, concerning Joseph B. Wilson and James Wilson. They would have no trouble getting a recommendation from their "section boss" any time they wanted another job.



They do not need—in fact, have never availed themselves—of any "pull" from their father, Joseph Baughman, secretary of labor.

The fact that they are sons of a cabinet member does not disturb them one bit, as in overalls, they carry steel bars around and "do anything that comes handy."

That is about the most definite description of their present work obtainable. Officially they are classified as machinists' helpers, and they are working to be full-fledged machinists.

This is not the first "job" for either of the young men. The elder, Joseph, was graduated from Central high school in 1914, and since then has "carried a chain" for surveyors in the geological survey, and has worked with an automobile magazine. He has been attending Georgetown Law school in the evening.

James, aged eighteen, felt the call of his father's farm, up at Blossburg, Pa., even before he quit Central high. He is an expert in bees, and had a lot of hives on his father's farm. But he wanted to "learn a trade," so he and his brother both set out to do so.

The secretary is delighted. He is a believer in vocational education—and believes that such education, at times, can be acquired outside of school. Both boys likewise hold the opinion that a union card is about as valuable as a diploma.

The boys are only following in the footsteps of their father. He was a worker in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, and later became secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America.

White House Chief Usher Talks of Presidents

"KE" HOOVER, chief usher at the White House, is now serving his sixth administration, counting as two the Roosevelt "double-header," as he terms it. He began as an usher during the term of Benjamin Harrison, was retained by Grover Cleveland and every succeeding president.

Hoover's present post is an important one, as all White House visitors will agree, particularly those favored with private audiences with the president in the executive mansion proper. Perhaps no man living has had a better opportunity to observe the characteristics and the human side of presidents during the last quarter of a century.

Still a young man, Hoover probably will see many more presidents come and go. As might be supposed, he is not talkative and rarely does he reveal even in the slightest degree the opinions he has formed of the nation's rulers he has been privileged to present to thousands of distinguished callers. He was in an exceptional mood the other day, however, when he came upon a friend studying the oil painting of President Wilson, which hangs with those of McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft in the main hall of the White House. Asked if he thought the painting did President Wilson justice, Hoover replied:

"It did when he posed for it. The custom is to perpetuate the features of the president in oil as soon after his inauguration as possible. The features of Woodrow Wilson in that frame are not those of the Woodrow Wilson of today. Nearly four years have elapsed since that painting was finished. He has a stronger face now than he had then. That has been true of every president I have known. They all grow on the job, and as the years pass their faces show it."



Water Supply of Washington Was Threatened

PRECAUTIONS were taken by the war department recently to guard Cabin John bridge from attacks threatening the city water supply, and then placed strict censorship on the news thereof. The only admission officials would make was that extra civilian guards had been employed to patrol the bridge and the nine miles of conduit road along which the pipes supplying Washington with water are placed.

Secretary of War Baker said he had never heard that letters had been received threatening to dynamite the bridge. Col. C. A. F. Flagler, engineer officer in charge of the Washington aqueduct, also denied knowledge of threatening letters. Colonel Flagler denied positively that holes had been found at the four bases of the bridge, indicating that plans had been made to dynamite the structure. An investigation, he said, showed that this story was without foundation.

Widespread interest was aroused in the reported threats against Cabin John bridge because of its vulnerability and the realization that any attack on the bridge would wholly cut off Washington's only water supply. Such an attack would not only cause inconvenience to the people, but would result in the almost complete suspension of governmental activity until the damage could be repaired. It is the realization of this, water department officials declare, that prompted the extra precautions to guard the bridge and conduits.

Efforts have been concentrated toward protecting the bridge, it is understood, because it is the one point in the piping system from Great Falls at which an attack might cause serious damage and result in long delays in restoring a cut-off in the water supply.

Army Could Not Feed Its Six Red Cross Dogs

CAPT. GORDON JOHNSTON of the Eleventh cavalry recently presented to the army medical department six dogs of a breed used in foreign armies for Red Cross work, but it is found that the war department has no funds at its disposal that are available for maintaining the dogs.

The dogs were sent to Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., and the commanding officer of ambulance company No. 1 at that place was directed to care for and train them. Then was presented the question of drawing rations for the dogs, it being found that they required six quarts of milk and four loaves of bread daily. An effort was made by the medical officer to obtain an allowance of 20 cents a day per dog to be provided for out of the appropriation for horses and other draft animals. The accounting officers of the treasury hold that this cannot be done, and also that the contingent fund of the army was not available for the purpose. It was thought that perhaps the medical department appropriation might be used, since that had been given a very liberal interpretation as authorizing "the purchase of anything necessary for the medical and hospital service for which no more specific provision has been made elsewhere," but the comptroller decided that the maintenance of the dogs had too remote a bearing upon medical care and treatment or the miscellaneous expense of the service to warrant an extension of such a principle to the purpose.

The secretary of war approved the recommendation of the general staff that, unless the medical department can maintain the dogs without expense to the government—which the comptroller now says is impossible—they be returned to the donor.



Happy Water



By MYRA BORCHARD

(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Happy Water" was the name they gave to the pretty lake at Starville. The cascade two miles up the river was known as "Laughing Water." The designations were not misnomers. The town was twenty miles from any railroad and it had little of modernity to it, therefore its inhabitants were crude only in the sense of primitive artlessness and sterling in integrity—hence, happy with laughing, healthy children and those of a larger growth unspooled and contented.

It was at the picnic at the "laughing water" that Reade Adams met Judith Trescott. It was on Happy Water afloat, with the moonlight softening the pretty scene, that he told her of his love. He had come home after six years at college to meet his fate. There must be a year of waiting, his parents had insisted, until in the big city or at his home town Reade discovered his mission in life.

Ambition guided him. Reade felt that he would be worthy of his choice by making a great name. All the ardor and dreams of youth were his. Judith longed to have him remain in Starville. She felt both would be the happier for it in the long run. She dreaded the thought of that bright young spirit battling with the trials and temptations of the magnet metropolis. She did not tell Reade this, however. She had confidence in him and felt that he should elect his own destiny.

It was fortunate that Reade met Allan Wylie in the city, that they became roommates. Wylie was a hard-



"Yes, He Killed His Man."

working, conscientious young man. For three months he and Reade were close chums. Then one morning Wylie was shocked.

"You made some noise getting into the room last night," he had observed to Reade.

"Don't blame me!" laughed Reade recklessly. "It was the 'happy water.'"

"What do you mean by that, Adams?" interrogated Wylie gravely. "Don't you know?" challenged Reade boisterously. "She fix. I couldn't deny the fellows at the office. It was the birthday of one of them and I hadn't the heart to spoil the jovial celebration."

At that moment young Wylie made no comment, for he saw that Reade was not in a mood to take advice. It was the next evening that he took his comrade to task. Reade was penitent. He stayed at home for four consecutive evenings. What tender letters meanwhile he sent to Judith! Then he did not come for two nights. The third day an expressman came for his trunk and his companionship with a true friend was broken. A change in employment sent Wylie to another city and Reade Adams was housed in the midst of the fast set of his office.

The "happy water" had got hold of an eager victim and would not let go. It came to be that Reade was impatient to reach Saturday evening and the giddy round of visits to cafe and cabaret. Always the "happy water" was on tap, always the Sunday headache, but remorse now a weak imitation and the letters to fond, loyal Judith less and less frequent.

Then one night, one hateful, never-to-be forgotten night!

Monday morning had found Reade Adams nervous and irritable as a result of the routine Saturday "celebration." He resented something his employer said. There was a row. Reade resigned.

He waited about the building all day long, he grouped his convivial chums after working hours.

"I'll give you a joyful extra, fellows!" he boasted. "It's another city and a new job for me tomorrow, so we'll have a good-by supper."

It turned out more than that, and worse—an orgy, a reckless, bawling occasion. The "happy water" had wrought its insidious blight to a point where Reade and his companions lost all control of themselves.

"Pardon me," spoke a gentleman courteously, as, passing the chair which held Reade, he joggled it slightly.

"What do you mean by that?" censured Reade. He was at a high pitch of recklessness. He arose to his feet unsteadily.

The man passed on and up the steps to the street.

"I'll bring the scoundrel to terms!" cried Reade vaingloriously. "He insulted me!"

"Hold on, Adams!" remonstrated one of the party at the table.

"Not until he apologizes—the ruffian!" declared Reade.

The others were too far gone to halt him. As he passed a table Reade snatched up a knife. His foolish wits drove him to frenzy. He dashed up the steps after his fancied enemy.

Then—a blank.

Where was he? His cleared senses took in stone walls, a hideous iron gate. He tried to clear his unsteady gaze. Then he realized the truth—he was the inmate of a prison cell!

What had happened? How had he come there? He strove to recall the last fading scene of the previous night—the fancied insult, his mad desperate pursuit of the man who had aroused his animosity, the knife!—his blood chilled.

He sat up on the hard plank where he had slept. He heard voices in the corridor outside.

"Yes, he killed his man."

"How was it?"

"Oh, the usual program—too much of the 'happy water,' a blow. He had a knife. A young man, too, well connected, they say—the electric chair."

Reade Adams crouched back on the plank. His soul was frozen with horror, the overheard words had supplied the missing link in the clouded events of the night previous.

"The electric chair—the knife—then I am a murderer!" he moaned and buried his face in his hands.

He must have fainted, for there was lethargy, a daze and then he heard a key rattle in the lock.

"Can you walk steady?" was challenged and a turnkey swung back the grated door. "Young man," he added sternly, "I hope this will be a lesson to you. For the sake of your friends don't repeat last night. They picked you up lying in the road where the first chance auto might have dashed out your life. Go up to the office, get your valuables and cut out the 'happy water.'"

"But—the murdered man?" quavered Reade.

"Oh, that's the fellow in the next cell—killed a man last night. Let that be a warning for you."

Reade Adams fairly reeled from a revulsion of emotion. He was not, then, a murderer! Ah, the relief, after those awful moments of horror and remorse! He hastened to the office of the police station clerk. He fled the place as though pursued by a pestilence.

Just one person knew of that terrible night in his life. Judith, Judith to whose presence he fled as to a sanctuary.

As to the city—with shuddering dread he resolved never to revisit its menace. No, the home village, with friends, a modest, humble avocation among those he loved, that was his pledge, his vow.

And it was out upon the lake in a boat, alone with Judith, that Reade Adams told her all. Then, her pitying eyes upon him, he spread out his hands in ecstasy across the gleaming moonlit waves.

"Oh, never that other again!" he almost sobbed, "only this—the dear, real Happy Water, and friends, and peace, and your love!"

Riches in East African Lakes.

The immense deposits of soda of German and British East Africa rank with the most important known, and form great lakes that are mentioned as among the latest discovered world wonders. Victor Cambon, a French engineer, notes that Lake Magadi, with an area of about 25 square miles, is apparently a single mass of solid sesquicarbonate of soda, almost chemically pure. An English engineer has found that it is fed by many streams of water heavily charged with carbonate of soda, indicating that the main source of the soda is not yet revealed, and has shown that this deposit is more than nine feet deep, and may have a depth two or even ten times as great. This lake is east of Lake Victoria and about 250 miles from the Indian ocean. Across the line, in German East Africa, are even larger soda lakes, and Lake Natron, one of the number, has an area greater than that of Lake Geneva.

Imitation Fur.

A process patented in France consists in an improvement in the manufacture of stiffs or objects which imitate fur, plush, or velvet, or for use as carpets and the like. The process starts with an animal's fur, or an assemblage of animal or vegetable fibers, and these are immobilized by freezing them in a block of ice.

The ice is then sawed into slabs, and a slab is made to undergo a surface melting so as to partially free the hair or fibers on one side; then a suitable glue or cement is applied upon this surface. A sheet of flexible material acting as the basis of the new make-up is then laid on, so that the hairs adhere to it, and afterward the whole is freed from the ice by melting, leaving the hairs attached to the support.

Rubber serves as a good basis for the glue or cement, and the support is also coated with the same, and this rubber can then be vulcanized so as to give good adhesion and suppleness.

FLICKS HIS CIGAR AT HALF BILLION

New York Boarding House Lodger Yawns Over Ancient Castles in Wales.

TAKES IT AS A JOKE

Descendant of Sir John Wynn Refuses to Get Excited Over the Prospect of Inheriting Immense Wealth.

New York.—Wales is divided into three parts—that part which is under water, that part which is England and that part which belongs to a thin, slightly bald young man who lives on the second floor back of a brownstone structure of West Twenty-third street's "boarding house row."

"Mr. Giegler," called the housekeeper of No. 227, "there's a gentleman down here to see you. He says it's very important."

From the top hallway floated J. Oliver Giegler's sleepy voice. "Coming," he called down. "What time is it?"

"Two o'clock."

"In the morning?"

"No; afternoon, Mr. Giegler."

Half an hour later he clumped down the carpeted stairs, a cigar in his mouth.

Takes Millions as a Joke.

"Mr. Giegler," began the stranger, "you are the heir to millions."

"Quit your kidding," he said. "Gee! It's cold here."

"Mr. Giegler," came the insistent information, "you are the heir to millions."

"I never use dope," replied J. Oliver Giegler. "Who left me the money?"

Into Mr. Giegler's hand was thrust a blue-tinted postal card signed by Edward S. Fox, manager of the Mutual Secret Association of Detectives of Cleveland. It read:

"J. O. Giegler of 227 West Twenty-third street has fallen heir to many millions of dollars. Send reporter to see him for full particulars."

Giegler calmly handed back the card. "Doesn't this surprise you?" he was asked.

"I've been expecting something of the sort," replied Mr. Giegler. He flicked the ashes from his cigar.

"Fox has written me about the same



"I Never Use Dope."

thing. It all goes back to Sir John Wynn, who was a somebody back in Wales. I'm related to him. He left an estate worth \$500,000,000."

"Who has it now?"

"It's being held in trust by the English court of chancery. Most of it is land in Wales. Did you ever play ball?"

"Not much."

"I did. Rotten weather we're having, ain't it?"

Wynns Form Organization.

J. Oliver Giegler extracted a number of telegrams, clippings and letters from a well-worn wallet.

"Sixty members of the Wynn family met in convention in Marion, O., a few months ago," he volunteered. "They came to decide who was to get the money from the estate. They also organized the Wynns Genealogical Historical Society, Incorporated."

"How are you related to Sir John Wynn?"

Mr. Giegler replied by tracing the Wynn genealogy on his fingers. His mother, he said, was a direct descendant of Sir John Wynn. In fact, he had written her yesterday morning not to be surprised in case he were announced heir at any moment.

"What'll you do with the money?" he was asked.

"Get a drink first," he replied. "Then I'd chuck up my job as solicitor. Then I'll start a factory and share my money with my employees. Say, pinch me, will you? Are you sure I'm not dreaming?"

Hazers Broke Bridegroom's Leg. Hartford City, Ind.—Ora Smith, twenty-one years old, a farmer living near here, who was recently married to Miss Cora Thornburgh, suffered a broken leg when scuffling with friends who were attempting to place him in a calf wagon after the wedding.

SOMETHING HAS TO BE DONE

For Failing Health of Young Daughter. Put Faith in Cardui and Glad Now They Did.

Georgetown, Fla.—"When I was about 16 years old," writes Mrs. J. O. Tucker, of this place, "my mother had me take Cardui... I... suffered great pain in stomach and back... I and my mother both knew I must have something for we knew I was getting steadily in worse health all the time."

"Before taking the Cardui, we had Dr. ... He treated me for about 6 months. I didn't get any permanent relief, so we quit his medicine, and I began taking Cardui. I had got thin, and my face was thin with no color, except that it was dark, especially dark circles under the eyes. Then I had begun to bloat, in both face and abdomen, the family feared I was taking dropsy. At the appearance of these 'dropsy' symptoms was when we felt we must have some change, so we got the Cardui, and I began taking it."

"After the use of one bottle I felt much improved, the bloating had all disappeared, the pains relieved... I got well and healthy as could be, weighed 140 pounds. Became a strong, well girl... Also it's the finest tonic for young girls I know of."

Your druggist has Cardui for sale. Try it. It may be just what you need. Adv.

Heaven Wagon.

Paul, age five, of Muncie, was visiting here recently, says the Indianapolis News. He saw a taxicab pass the house. "Mother, there is the heaven wagon," he said. The expression was accounted for by the fact that the family recently lost a neighbor. Paul was much interested in the coffin and hearse. The mother told him they were taking his old friend to heaven, and since then every taxi and hearse are "heaven wagons" to him.

To Drive Out Malaria

And Build Up The System

Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

Love Finds a Way.

"But your fiancé has such a small salary; how are you going to live?" "Oh, we're going to economize. We're going to do without such a lot of things that Jack needs."

SAVE A DOCTOR'S BILL

by keeping Mississippi Diarrhoea Cordial handy for all stomach complaints. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

Schoharie, N. Y., is to open a free public library.

Makes Hard Work Harder

A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before the kidney disease takes a grip—before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease sets in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended the world over.

A Mississippi Case

J. P. Sheppard, 404 S. Chestnut St., Aberdeen, Miss., says: "I strained my back while carrying a heavy load, and as a result I was laid up. I suffered from pains in my back and legs when I got up from a chair or bent over, a sharp twinge caught me and I couldn't straighten. One box of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and the cure has been lasting."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Every Woman Wants

Paxtine

ANTISEPTIC POWDER

FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

Disinfects in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. His extraordinary cleansing and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50c. all druggists, or postpaid by mail, The Paxtine Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Best, clean, economical, convenient. Kills all houseflies, mosquitoes, gnats, etc. of all colors, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers of insect sprays paid for it. 50c. per box. HARBOLD SMITH, 100 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and 75c. per tin.

GALLSTONES

Avoid operations. Positive remedy. (No Op.)—Remedy sure. Write for free book of facts and facts to-day. Gallstone Remedy Co., Dept. C-44, 1115 Dearborn St., Chicago.